

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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We are compelled by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of this country; we are forced to require payment on subscriptions in advance.

All letters on business must be addressed to BARRETT & BROS., Publishers.

DICTIONARY.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CHIEF JUDGES.
Hon. Loring P. Little, Judge, Dewarton,
Capt. W. H. Parker, Judge, Hartford,
Col. S. Smith, Judge, Hartford,
Charles Hardwick, Clerk, Hartford,
D. L. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford, Deputies
George Yates, Robert, J. E. Rogers,
L. C. Moore, Sheriff, Louisville; J. H. Knobell, Peoria,
Court begins fourth Monday in May and
November, and continues for weeks each
year. COUNTY POLICE.
Capt. Newton, Sheriff, Hartf.
Capt. Sam. K. Clark, Hartf.
J. E. Sanderlin, Attorney, Hartf.
Court sits on the first Monday in every
month. QUARTERLY COURTS.
Begins on the third Monday in January,
April, July, October.

COUPON OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Monday in January
and October.

OTHER COURT OF RECORDS.

Aronson, J. A., Assessor, Hartf.
Col. W. H. Porter, Surveyor, Peoria.

J. E. Rose, School Commissioner, Hartf.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—P. Little, Judge, second
Saturday in January, April, July and October;
Boomer, James, Carter, Judge, courts first
Saturday in January, April, July and October;

Cromwell—P. W. Gilstrap, Judge, second
Saturday in January, April, July and October;

—Samuel Henry, Judge, July and October;

Ross—W. H. Bates, Judge, June, Sept., Oct.,
March, and Saturday in January, April, July and October;

McHenry—W. H. Hamilton, Sr., Judge, post
office address, McHenry, Courts held third
Saturday in January, April, July and October;

West, W. H., Postmaster, post-office ad
dress, McHenry.

Hartford—J. C. Jones, Judge, McHenry

THE HERALD.

LYCOURUS HARRIETT - LOCAL EDITOR
WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1881

OUR AGENTS.

The following persons are authorized to receive subscriptions and renewals, advertising to the HERALD, orders for work, etc., etc.:

John T. MATTHEWS, Rosine.
Will COOPER, Cynthiawell.
Dr. V. M. TAYLOR, McHenry.
John W. MATHIAS, Rockport.
David ROGERS, Buford.
Jno. T. SMITH, Jr., Fordsville.
A. S. AULL, Sulphur Springs.
R. P. MAGAN, Magoff.
Geo. M. ROWE, Cerakvo.
Dr. G. H. SANDERS, Centertown.
Jno. T. NEAL, Cambyville.
T. J. BROWN, Morgantown.
W. H. McFARRELL, Beaver Dam.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce that, Q. T. SHANKS a candidate to represent Ohio county in the next Legislature of Kentucky. Election August 1881.

We are authorized to announce DANIEL STEVENS a candidate for Marshal of the town of Hartford. Election August 1, 1881.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. D. Maddox, of Rockport, is attending Hartford Normal School.

Miss Nica Taylor, of Beaver Dam, is a pupil of Hartford Normal School.

Wm. H. Maney, accompanied by his family, is visiting his parents in Dixon this week.

Mr. Dudley Ford and Miss Lizzie Johnson, of Pleasant Ridge, were in town yesterday.

We had a call from Mr. W. H. Mead, of the Standard Stave Company, Elm Lick, yesterday.

Mr. J. S. Vaughn returned last Monday from an extended visit to relatives in Christian county.

Hon. S. E. Hill and family returned from a visit to Littlefield and Grayson Springs last Sunday.

Misses Lorena Lewis and Georgie Howard, of Daviess county, are attending the Normal School at Hartford College.

Mr. Davis and family, of Pleasant Ridge, were visiting the parents of Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hardwick, this week.

Hon. E. D. Walker and daughter, Mrs. Lizzie, returned from Littlefield a few days ago, where Mr. Walker had been attending Circuit Court.

Mrs. Ella Burnett, of Boyle county, who has been visiting her uncle, Judge W. P. Gregory, for several days past, left for Grayson Springs last Thursday.

Mrs. J. E. Hardman, of Paducah, is visiting friends in this place. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Vaughn. We had the pleasure of a call from her yesterday evening.

In one person's column last week we omitted to mention the fact that Mrs. Helen Doyle, of Louisville, was visiting her brothers, Messrs. George and J. M. Klein, of this place.

Mrs. Nannie Alexander, who has been visiting relatives in Shivelyville, Christiansburg and Louisville for several weeks past, returned home last week, to the gratification of her many friends here.

Messrs. Z. A. and E. M. Roseberg, who have been in the mercantile business here for some time past, have closed out business. They left for Louisville last Monday. We hope their lines may find pleasant places.

New laws at Anderson's Bazaar.

The days are beginning to grow shorter.

More new dress goods this week at Anderson's Bazaar.

Don't forget the barbecue at Elm Lick next Saturday.

All-new dress-goods, for ladies' visitors, only 15 cents a yard at Anderson's Bazaar.

Hon. S. E. Hill was elected special judge during his stay in Littlefield attending Circuit Court last week.

The citizens of Rockport will give a grand free barbecue in the beach grove opposite that place on Thursday, July 28. A good time is promised to all.

Lot Hill, Bob Thirklewood, Wm. H. Maney and George Brown, of color, bore off the prizes being the first to catch the prisoners.

For five years, says Mr. J. Echler, this city, I have been afflicted with rheumatism, and for two years have had a sore on my leg the size of a silver dollar, which nothing would heal. St. Jacobs Oil cured the rheumatism and healed the sore.—*Hartford (Ky.) Independent.*

To create a hearty and regular appetite and at the same time have all kinds of food "agree" with the stomach, use Ball's Digestive Salt at your table, instead of ordinary table salt. See advertisement in another column.

27 Im.

The medicines of Dundas Dick & Co. are unequalled for elegance, purity, and reliability. Their Solstitial Self-acting Powders are most pleasant as lemonade. Their soft capsules are world famous. See advertisement. For sale by Thomas & Klinbrey, druggists, Hartford, Ky.

Mr. Walker Stevens, of Beaver Dam, put in twenty-four consecutive hours at work on the 11th and 12th inst. He went to the field at the usual hour on the 11th and plowed cornfield day and all night. We once heard of a man who spoke 22 hours to save his country, but this is the first instance of a man's plowing 24 hours to save his corn.

Hartford, Wednesday, July 6, 1881, near Wilson's Mill, by Rev. J. Q. Kirby, Mr. Chas. Hogan and Miss Mary Ballard, at 3 p. m., same day, by some, Mr. Jo. A. Oldham and Miss Jeanie Hogan. May Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon the happy couple.

Don't forget the barbecue at Barrett's Ferry, July 30th.

The day after the picnics last Thursday morning was quite exciting.

Mrs. Mary E. Dyer, Metteury Ky., will cut and make dresses, sell patterns and trimmings for hats, &c. Give her a call. 250

The programmes of the Old County Fair Company will be out in a day or two announcing their fair Tuesday October 11, 1881, and continuing five days.

To be cool and well-dressed, and at a low rate, inquire which J. Whitter & Co., corner of Third and Market streets, will save to your entire satisfaction if you will just call on them.

Mr. Daniel Seasee is announced as a candidate for marshal of the town of Hartford. He has had some experience as deputy sheriff, and will no doubt, if elected, make a good officer.

The funeral of Amos Bennett, that was to have been preached at Pleasant Hill church, July 30th, has been postponed on account of the indisposition of the minister, Rev. S. C. Allen.

Mr. Charlotte Barnett is at this writing quite low from a fractured hip caused from a fall on the floor, an account of which we gave last week. She is 77 years old, and will hardly recover from such a severe fracture.

The proprietors of the People's Hardware Store, 344 Main street, Louisville, Ky., are, as they have always been, students of the best interests of the producer and shipper, and farmers should mark their tokens for shipment to that house.

When your only and beloved son comes home scarred up as the result of a juvenile fight, apply Kendall's Spaini Cure and the pain will cease and the limb will be greatly strengthened, and in all probability he will soon be in the White House. Read the advertisement.

—As there have been many instances when we would advise parents of the boy drowning while bathing we would advise parents before the mother advised her daughter when she wanted to go bathing, while wish to hang her clothes on a hickory limb and don't go near the water."

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Hon. E. D. Walker and daughter, Mrs. Lizzie, returned from Littlefield about the 25th of July. The stay will be short, as he has to return here to finish up a large number of orders on hand and to accommodate many who have been kept back on account of the limited term.

The excursion train from Paducah to Louisville was returning Sunday morning and about 3 o'clock it ran over a horse belonging to George Thompson, of color; also, a colt killing the horse, breaking the colt's leg, causing the engine to turn a complete somersault, scalding the engineer rather badly but not fatally, and threw the baggage car square across the track. The train was detained till about 1 o'clock p. m., by which time another engine was procured, the wreck removed, and the train went on. The accident occurred between Beaver Dam and Elm Lick.

D. F. Tracy still holds the front in stock of wagons, buggies and farming implements, blacksmithing and wood work generally. Also, fully prepared with cases and caskets, nice horse and everything necessary in the undertaking office. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

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—John Foster, living near Beaver Dam, while digging a well last week, came in contact with the carbuncle and gas and came near losing his life. He started down the well in a box, and when in about eight feet of the bottom came in contact with the gas as above mentioned. He gave some evidence that he wanted to come out, whereupon those on the outside began to haul him up, but before he reached the top of the well he had given way, when he fell over, catching by his feet. He was drawn out seemingly helpless, but recovered in a short time by assistance of medical aid, and has almost recovered.

—Little Frankie, five-year-old son of Dr. S. A. Jackson, of Rockport, was drowned last Thursday in Green river. He, in company with another little boy of his own age, were playing on the river bank and it is supposed they went in swimming. The other boy went home and did not say anything about what had befallen his companion, and it was not until he was missed by his parents that any search was made for him. After a faithful but fruitless effort to find him in the town it was surmised that he was drowned and a blast was prepared and fired over the place where the small boys were in the habit of bathing. At the first explosion the body came to the surface and was recovered. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved parents in their affliction.

—On last Thursday morning, Lafe Embry and Wm. Huneker, two prisoners confined in the jail, concluded to make a break for fresh air and liberty. Jaller Sullenger went up stairs for the purpose of cleaning up the jail, and when he opened the cell door they pushed him back into the bath-tub, and ran out down stairs and off for the woods. The bath-tub was rather narrow, and as Uncle Lafe is in a man of considerable obesity, it took him some time to get up steam enough to get out. Get out he did old though, and when he came down stairs and shouted for help, the whole town was aroused, and roused off to the capture. The fugitives ran out to the end of Market street and took to the fields, running across Her's combed to a thicket. Both were without shoes, and on getting to the thicket found that they could go no further and so crawled in and hid. The pursuers for this time were close to the game and the excitement was running high. Those who were on horseback had passed beyond the thicket in order to head them off, and the footmen in the rear pushed in and captured the boys and brought them back to the jail hot and tired. Better care will be taken of them in the future. Henry Crow, confined on a charge of shooting with intent to kill, made no attempt to escape. Mr. Sullenger desired to return his rights to those who so kindly assisted him in the capture of the fleeing birds.

—The grandest of the season's will be the barbecue at Barrett's Ferry, Saturday, July 30th. Balloon ascension, dinner, plenty of refreshments, music by the Owensboro Brass Band, fine ladies, pictures, etc., will be voted on a charge of shooting with intent to kill, made no attempt to escape. Mr. Sullenger desired to return his rights to those who so kindly assisted him in the capture of the fleeing birds.

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—Wheat threshing is in order over the country just now.

If you want nice fresh tea cakes send to the Red Front.

Hartford Normal School is increasing both in numbers and interest.

According to the kattydid sign we will have frost on the 3rd night in October.

Quarterly Court began Monday and is still in session. The docket is about the same.

Try some of that 12-cent coffee or pounds for a dollar at the Red Front. Cheapest thing out.

Nicest and freshest stock of family groceries in Hartford at the Red Front.

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The Power of Liquor.

The power of liquor to prostitute one of the most promising of men was shown recently in this city. A man who once commanded a salary of \$1,500 to \$2,000 and expenses for special work in which he ranked first-class a few years, applied for a job to work in the field with ordinary laborers at \$1.25 a day. As a man he commanded the distinction of salary; as a drunkard the distinction of poverty.

Capturing an Englishman.

"Once I was illing an engagement at London theater," said J. K. Emmet, the actor, "a gentleman with buttoned-kid and hair parted in the middle occupied a private box. He easily surveyed me through his eyeglass. I was feeling pretty good, and was acting with more than usual freedom. The audience roared with laughter, but not a muscle of his face moved. He stared at me like a gorgon. I was netted, and I determined to capture him. I did my best, but there he sat, firmly turned toward me in the easiest of positions with the added of faves. You could hardly read on his features: 'Well, upon my soul, I expected something pretty bad, you know, but this is perfectly execrable!' I lost my guard, and made no secret of my effort to capture him. The audience dropped on it, and became deeply interested. I warbled 'Wilhelmina Strauss,' and filled it to the brim with grotesque, but the hollow sat there like a stone statue entirely unmoved. Apparently nothing would fetch him. And so the performance progressed, the audience watching the man in the box more than it did me. At last I made an impression. It was in the act where I pranced around the stage with a little child astride my shoulders. A faint smile overspread the man's face. He raised his gloved hands and hollowly clapped them twice. The audience seemed with delight, and from that time until the close of the performance I had every soul in the house with me. The smile of the child, combined with the action, had been too much for him, and had brought him down."

A Healthy State.

People are constantly changing their homes from east to west and from north to south, or vice versa, in search of a healthy State. If they would learn to be contented, and to use the celebrated Kliney-Wel when sick, they would be much better off. The whole system can be kept in a healthy state by this simple but effectual remedy. See large advertisement.

All the White House.

The life of a President is largely one of drudgery. He must see and converse with hundreds of people who come to consult him on a great variety of matters, and to urge him to appoint, or not to appoint, this or that man to office. Either he must have a constitution of iron, or he must establish and adhere to rules seeming to himself regularly a proper amount of leisure.

Among other duties that devolve upon the President is that of leading in the social life of Washington. It is expected that he will hold receptions at the White House, to which all well-bred persons in any walk of life are welcome, and that he will entertain the notable people who reside in Washington, or are there on a visit, at dinner.

A White House reception is very informal affair, and it may be made exceedingly agreeable if the President and his wife are gracious, and possess not simply ability, but tact. No invitations to these receptions are given or needed. Announcement is usually made of the time one is to take place.

The President's wife is usually assisted on such occasions by one or more lady friends, who stand by her side. A shake of the hand and a few pleasant words between the hostess and each of her visitors, constitute the whole ceremony. The people come and go, staying five minutes or an hour, as pleases them.

A state dinner is much more solemn and stately occasion. The guests are carefully selected, so as to be mutually congenial, or else they are all of the same class—as judges of the Supreme Court, members of the Diplomatic Corps, or members of the Senate.

Sometimes the guests are all gentlemen. At other dinner-parties the wives of the guests and other ladies are invited. The tables are decked with flowers from the White House conservatory, and the dinners are of the most elaborate description, with many courses, and dishes cooked in the most scientific manner.

The best thing about these State dinners is that they are private, and that there are no after-dinner speeches. There are no reporters to tell what the guests had to eat, and no man's appetite is spoiled by the thought that when the feast is over he has a speech to make.

If the guests are judiciously placed at the table, they have pleasant companionship with each other, and a cheery talk when the dinner is over, and then they separate.

This is one of the least disagreeable duties of the President. In this matter he has full freedom. He need invite guests to dinner only when he pleases, and with a few exceptions no man can feel slighted at not receiving an invitation when a dinner is given.

The Night-Air Superstition.

Before we can hope to fight consumption with any chance of success, we have to get rid of the night-air superstition. Like the dread of cold water, raw fruit, etc., it is founded on instinct of our instincts. It is probably the most prolific single cause of impaired health, even among the civilized nations of our enlightened age, though its absurdity rivals the grossest delusions of the witchcraft era. The subject of holy reason to hearers could hardly go further.

"Beware of the night-wind; be sure to close your windows after dark!" In other words, beware of God's free air; be sure and infect your lungs with the

stagnant, asphyxiated and offensive atmosphere of your bed room. In other words, beware of the rock spring; stick to the sewerage. Is night-air injurious? Is there a single tenable pretext for such an idea? Since the day of creation that air has been breathed with impunity by millions of different animals, tender, delicate creatures, some of them—wasps, ants and young birds.

The moist air of the tropical forest is breathed with impunity by our next relatives, the Anthropoids apes, the same apes that soon perish with consumption in the close, though generally well-warmed atmosphere of our Northern meadows. Thousands of soldiers, hunters and lumbermen sleep every night in tents and open sheds without the least injurious consequence; men in the last stage of consumption have recovered by adopting a semi-savage mode of life and camping outdoors in all but the stormiest nights.

Is it the draught you fear, or the contrast of temperature? Blacksmiths and railroad conductors seem to thrive under such influences. Draught! Have you never seen boys skating in the easiest of positions with the added of faves. You could hardly read on his features: "Well, upon my soul, I expected something pretty bad, you know, but this is perfectly execrable!" I lost my guard, and made no secret of my effort to capture him. The audience dropped on it, and became deeply interested. I warbled "Wilhelmina Strauss," and filled it to the brim with grotesque, but the hollow sat there like a stone statue entirely unmoved. Apparently nothing would fetch him. And so the performance progressed, the audience watching the man in the box more than it did me. At last I made an impression. It was in the act where I pranced around the stage with a little child astride my shoulders. A faint smile overspread the man's face. He raised his gloved hands and hollowly clapped them twice. The audience seemed with delight, and from that time until the close of the performance I had every soul in the house with me. The smile of the child, combined with the action, had been too much for him, and had brought him down."

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